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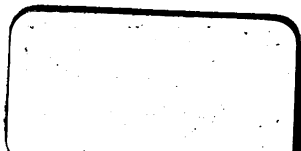
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THE BATTERSEA SERIES
OF
STANDARD READING BOOKS
FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY
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LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

BOOK II.
FOR
STANDARD II.

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PREFACE.

THIS series of Readers is intended to follow 'The Battersea Primers,' but, being graduated in accordance with the requirements of the New Code, may be used with any Primer.

The aim of the Editor in the earlier books has been to lighten, by the attractiveness of the lessons, the labour of overcoming the mechanical difficulties in learning to read, and to give children a taste for reading. Once a child has been got to *love* reading, his progress is sure and rapid.

The later books contain much interesting and useful information, but all through the series the Editor has subordinated the communication of knowledge to the primary object of a Reader, viz., the teaching a child to read. When the difficulties of scientific lessons are superadded to the difficulties that

belong to reading proper, it is not surprising that both science and reading suffer.

The plan of Books I. and II. has been to place at the head of each lesson the chief words occurring in it, and at the end a few sentences in which the words are used in fresh combinations. These combinations the teacher is recommended to multiply for himself. Young children do not derive much benefit from verbal explanations, but they readily pick up the meaning of a word, by induction, from examples. This is, of course, the way in which they first learn to speak. In Books III. to VI. words are explained, but here also examples are given to illustrate the use of the word glossed. This is a novel feature in reading books, and the writer attaches considerable importance to it. The common defect in reading in our elementary schools is lack of intelligence. This is largely owing to the limited vocabulary of the children. They are often called upon to read an unknown language. No opportunity, therefore, should be thrown away of

familiarizing their minds with the meaning of the words which occur in the books they employ.

The Editor would strongly urge upon teachers the importance of getting children to *prepare* the reading lessons. Five minutes spent in learning the hard words, by way of preparation, would save much loss of time in the progress of the lesson, and would render needless those constant interruptions by which, to the hindrance of an intelligent comprehension of the passage read, and to the great discouragement of the learner, the continuity of the reading is so frequently broken.

The Editor has to express his grateful acknowledgements to many authors and publishers for their kindness in allowing him to make extracts from their works.



CONTENTS.



The Titles of the Poems are printed in Italics.

	PAGE
THE PLEASURES OF READING (Editor)	1
DO NOT PLAY WITH THE FIRE (Editor)	4
THE BOY AND THE BEAR (Editor)	7
<i>The Child's First Grief</i> (Mrs. Hemans)	9
THE FOREIGNER AND THE BIRDS (Editor)	10
THE TWO NEGROES (From the French. Editor)	13
<i>We are Seven</i> (Wordsworth)	16
THE TEN DWARFS (From the French. Editor)	20
THE RAT AND HIS LITTLE ONE (From the French. Editor)	22
<i>The Sparrow's Chirp</i>	26
A LUMP OF SUGAR (Editor)	28
THE SNAIL AND HIS HOUSE (Editor)	30
<i>The Orphan Boy</i> (Mr. Opie)	32
THE THRUSH (Editor)	34
THE CAT AND THE COOK (From the French. Editor)	36
<i>The Song of the Grass</i> (Dr. Bennett)	38
I CAN DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN (Editor)	40
A BOY'S FIGHT WITH EAGLES (Editor)	42
THE SWALLOW (Editor)	44
A TURKISH STORY (Editor)	46
THE PEACHES (From the German of Krummacher. Editor)	48
THE SHARK (Editor)	50
THE PLUM CAKE (Editor)	53
<i>Past and Present</i> (Thomas Hood)	55
THE THREE BROTHERS (Editor)	56
THE SUN AND THE WIND	59

	PAGE
THE BOY WHO PICKED UP THE PIN (Editor)	61
<i>Lucy Gray</i> (Wordsworth)	64
A SINGLE NAIL	67
THE WIDOW'S RING	69
THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS	71
BAD COMPANY (Editor)	73
THE CANARIES AND THE GOLDFINCH (French. Editor)	76
TWO STORIES ABOUT RATS (Editor)	78
CASABIANCA (Mrs Hemans)	81
THE PALACE OF TRUTH (Editor)	83
THE PALACE OF TRUTH (continued)	85
THE PALACE OF TRUTH (concluded)	88
THE NAUGHTY LITTLE SPIDER	91
THE SLAVE AND THE LION (Editor)	93
THE LOST CHILD	96
THE BEGGAR-MAN (Aikin)	98
THE STRANGE PET (Editor)	100
A FATHER SAVED BY HIS SON (Miss Edgeworth)	102
GEORGE STEPHENSON'S DOG (Editor)	104
RATS (Editor)	106
THE CUCKOO (Editor)	109
<i>Whom shall we thank</i> (Florence A. Norris)	112
STORY OF A BEAR (Canadian Reader)	114
THE LAPPS (Editor)	118
SEALS (Editor)	121
HOW SEALS ARE CAUGHT (Editor)	123
<i>The two Wolves</i> (Editor)	126
CATS AND CLEANLINESS (Editor)	128
THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE	131
<i>Snow</i>	133
THE LITTLE MOTHER	134
<i>The Better Land</i> (Mrs. Hemans)	139

STANDARD II.



THE PLEASURES OF READING.

friend
visit
picture

capital
animal
enjoy

travel
habit
delight

"O DEAR, what shall we do this wet day?"
said Tom Jones to his friend Will Price, at
whose house he was staying on a short visit.
"I wish the rain would stop and the sun

come out, that we might be able to go out and have a good game. I am tired of watching the drops of rain running down the window pane."

"Shall I get a book for you?" said Will. "I have a very nice book, which was given me as a prize for coming to school in good time. It is full of pictures and stories about lions and tigers, and whales and ship-wrecks, and balloons."

"O, I do not care for books," said Tom; "I have enough of them at school. I want to be happy."

"Well," said Will, "if you would read my book you would be happy. It has such capital stories in it. There is one about a monkey on board a ship. He found a pot of white paint and a brush in it, which a sailor had left on deck when he went down to dinner. Well, what do you think this monkey did? he coaxed another monkey, a little black fellow, to come to him, and as soon as he came near enough, he caught hold of him by the neck and covered him all over with the white paint. There is another story that I am very fond of reading: it is about a lion hunt."

Tom liked very much to hear stories about animals, so he said, "Will, I wish I could read like you. I can not make out the big words." Will said, "Well, if you will tell me when you come to a word that you can not make out, I will help you."

So Tom sat down and began to read a story about a man who was lost in the snow and was found out by a dog, who fetched some men to him, and so saved his life. He did not find the book so hard as he thought it would be, and when he had read through the story, he said to Will, "That is a capital book. I have enjoyed myself quite as much as if I had been playing. I should like to read some more of it."

"Very well," said Will, "you can have it whenever you want it. I have another book about trades, and another about travels, and one about Robin Hood, and another about poor boys who became great men."

"I did not know that there were books about things like that. I thought they were all about things which I do not care about at all." "O no," said Will, "some books are dry, but most of my books are just what you

would like. I have one all about games, and rabbits, and fishing.”

From that time forward Tom grew very fond of books. His teacher could not make out how it was that he got on so well with his reading. The secret was that he took a delight in it, and used to read at home all the books he could get.

Write:—

What capital fun we had with our friends.

Do you enjoy pictures of animals?

Some of my friends love to travel.

DO NOT PLAY WITH THE FIRE.

couple	squeak	notice	escape
promise	caught	careless	disobedience
purpose	neighbour	volumes	cradle

HARRY JONES was very fond of playing with the fire. One day, when his mother was going out, she said, “Now, Harry, I am going out for a couple of hours to see your grandfather, who is very ill. I want you to look after the house and take care of baby. Be sure, you do not play with the fire!”

Harry promised to do as he was told, and as soon as his mother was gone, he took up a

block of wood which he was trying to cut into a ship. As he could not cut out the inside very well, he thought he would burn it out. So he put the poker in the fire, intending to use it when it was red hot, to burn out the inside of his ship.

Just as he did so, he saw a Punch and Judy pass the window. Now, Harry was very fond of Punch, and away he went after it, forgetting all about the baby, who was quietly sleeping in the cradle, and about the poker which he had just thrust into the fire.

In a short time the man with the Punch stopped at the corner of the street and began to perform. Harry was delighted, and watched Punch for about a quarter of an hour, laughing at his jokes and his squeaking voice, and the many knocks which he gave and took.

When Punch came to an end Harry all at once thought about the baby and the poker. Away he ran with all his might, but when he got home he could see smoke coming out of the door and windows, and people throwing out beds and chairs from the upstairs windows, and other people carrying buckets of water in at the door.

The house was on fire. The poker which

Harry had left in the fire had become red-hot, and, falling out of the grate, had set some clothes on fire that were standing on a chair close by. In a few moments the flames had spread to the furniture, and great volumes of flame and smoke began to come out at the window.

"Where is the baby? Where is the baby?" said Harry, as he rushed in at the door in order to seek for his little sister. But a man caught him by the arm, and said, "The baby is saved. You will find her in the house over the way." Harry rushed across to Mrs. Brown's, on the other side of the road, and there found the baby safe and sound. The fire had been noticed before it could reach the cradle, and a neighbour had entered the house and carried the baby out.

After a long time the fire was put out, but not before a great deal of harm had been done to the house and the goods in it. When Harry's mother came home she was much distressed, for she was very poor, but she was so thankful that her baby had escaped and Harry was so sorry for his disobedience and his carelessness, that she forgave him. I am glad to

say that Harry never played with the fire again. The lesson which he had learnt was too deeply fixed in his mind to need any punishment to make him remember it.

Write:—

Will you promise to send me a couple of your ducks?
The mouse that was caught began to squeak.
Did you notice the distress of my neighbour?
How careless it was of Tom to let the mouse escape!

THE BOY AND THE BEAR.

Italy	kennel	scarcely	kind-hearted
Italian	evening	believe	fellow
bigger	several	servants	opinion

AN Italian prince had a bear, whose name was Marco. One very cold winter's night a poor little beggar boy crept into the bear's kennel, not knowing the risk which he ran.

You would expect to hear that the bear hugged him to death; but, instead of that, Marco took him between his paws, and kept him warm all night by pressing him gently to his breast.

The next morning the boy went out to beg

about the city, but when evening came he returned to the bear's hut, and was received with the same kindness. This was not all. Marco kept for him a part of his own food.

This went on for several days. One night the prince's servant was late in bringing the bear its supper, and was surprised to see the boy sleeping between the bear's paws and clasped to his breast. Late as it was the bear would not move to touch its supper, for fear of waking the boy.

When the prince heard the story he could scarcely believe it. So he made up his mind to go one night and see for himself. He saw just the same sight as the servant. The child was asleep, and the bear was keeping him warm and watching over him. The prince was a kind man and ordered his servants to take care of the little boy, but I doubt whether anybody could be kinder to him than the bear was.

So you see, even a bear must love something. And, when he does, he may be a very kind-hearted fellow. My own opinion is, that Marco had no cubs of his own, and so was very glad to adopt the boy.

Write :—

Italy is a country in the south of Europe.
In my opinion we shall have a fine evening.
Several persons stated their opinions.
I could scarcely believe what the servant told me.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

brief	wandering	bright
heaven	sowed	flowers

“ Oh ! call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone ?
The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me ! ”

“ He would not hear thy voice, fair child !
He may not come to thee :
The face that once like summer smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.
A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
So—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven. ”

10 THE FOREIGNER AND THE BIRDS.

“ And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again?
And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er? ·
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!”

Write :—

I will give you a brief account of my wanderings.
The heavens seem as though they were sown with
stars instead of flowers.

THE FOREIGNER AND THE BIRDS.

foreign	bargain	astonish	canary
utter	money	customer	cruelty
piteous	shilling	deprive	goldfinch
reply	purchase	liberty	society

A FOREIGNER was passing over London Bridge, when he saw a bird-catcher, who had five little birds in a cage. They were vainly beating their poor wings against the bars of their prison, and uttering piteous cries of distress.

The face of the foreigner, as he looked at them, became sad. “ What would you sell me

one of these birds for?" said he to the man who had the cage. "You can have one for a shilling," replied the bird-catcher.



The foreigner did not stop to bargain, but took the money out of his purse and paid the man. Then he opened the cage, seized one of the birds, fondled it for a moment and said, "Be free." As it flew away he seemed to follow its flight with the greatest delight.

Then he took out another shilling, purchased a second bird, and treated it in the same way. He did the same with the third, fourth, and fifth bird. The bird-catcher was astonished. He had never had such a queer customer before.

At last he said, "Why do you buy the birds, sir, if it is only to let them off again?"

"I will tell you," said the foreigner. "For eight years I was kept unjustly in a gloomy prison, where I was deprived both of light and air. I come from Italy. These little birds are the first creatures to which I have been able to give that liberty which God has given me. I thought that I should like to make them happy."

Little boys should think when they put wild birds into a cage, how they themselves would like to be put into a cage. Tame birds, like canaries, may be kept in a cage without cruelty, for they have never been free, and, if we were to release them, they would not be able to get their food, and protect themselves and endure the cold. But it is very cruel to cage birds that have grown up in freedom.

I sometimes see great lazy fellows catching

full-grown linnets and goldfinches. I hope you will never buy birds of this kind. If people would not buy the birds, bird-catchers would not catch them. Let our little birds enjoy the fresh air, and the wild life, and the society which God has given them. It is much sweeter to hear them sing in the woods and hedges and as they mount in the sky than to hear them in cages, no matter how fine the cages are.

Write :—

We sometimes forget that to people from other countries we are foreigners.

If we had enough money we might have purchased a great bargain.

Birds love liberty and society just as we do.

I am astonished at the cruelty of people in caging wild birds.

THE TWO NEGROES.

schooner	passengers	attention	companion
pleasant	voyage	negroes	addressing
delightful	terrible	settle	overboard
climates	impossible	fierce	disappear

THE schooner 'Six Sisters' was sailing towards the Isle of France. It was one of those pleasant evenings which are so delightful in

warm climates. The passengers were all counting on having a good voyage.

All at once a flame leaped up in the gloom. A terrible cry of "Fire, fire," was heard. And in a moment it was clear that the schooner was on fire, and that the fire was spreading very fast.

A boat was lowered. All the crew and passengers crowded into it, until they were so heaped together, that the boat was in danger of sinking. The boat being so full, it was impossible to direct its course. The danger grew at every moment. It seemed as though the boat must go down.

At length it was decided that two persons of those on board the boat should be cast into the sea, in order that the others might be saved. But upon whom should the choice fall?

At the bottom of the boat, two negroes were paying the most careful attention to their mistress, who was weeping and holding out her arms to her little child. Every eye was fixed on the two negroes. It was soon settled that the two negroes should perish. But they were two fine men of vast strength. Before they could be cast into the sea, they would struggle fiercely, and the boat would

be, perhaps, over-set. And yet the moments were precious. Each wave of the sea seemed as though it would engulf the boat.

The captain, who must have been a great coward, said in his despair to the sailors, "Throw the lady and her baby overboard."



One of the negroes heard the words. He whispered a few words to his companion, and then said to the lady, "He and I will take the place of you and your child."

Then, addressing the captain, he said, "Pro-

mise us to save them, and we will at once jump into the sea."

"I promise you," said the captain.

"Poor little darling, give me one kiss," said one of the negroes as he placed his dark lips against the white cheeks of the child. "Good-bye, little master. Good-bye, mistress."

The other slave having also kissed the child, they lifted up their hands to heaven, jumped overboard, and disappeared in the midst of the waves.

Write:—

A schooner is a small vessel with two masts.

What a horrible thing a fire at sea must be!

Some climates are very hot; some cold; ours is temperate.

Every creature struggles fiercely for its life.

WE ARE SEVEN.

rustic	churchyard	kerchief	release
beauty	replied	porringer	throw
wondering	twelve	moaning	truth

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair,—and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And, wondering, look'd at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell ;
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet you are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”
c

Then did the little maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid !
 Your limbs they are alive !
If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then you are only five !"

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
 The little maid replied.
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
 And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
 I sit and sing to them.

"And, often after sunset, sir,
 When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane ;
 In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
 And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

Write:—

Rustic means country-looking.

We were admiring the beauty of the scene.

A porringer is a basin for eating porridge out of.

THE TEN DWARFS.

manage	skilful	linen
giants	general	command
unequal	prepare	servants

"WELL, Nannie, your house looks very clean to-day," said Tom Brown's father to an old woman who lived in a cottage close by. "I wonder how you manage to keep it so clean." "O," she replied, "you need not wonder, sir; it is a very easy matter so long as I have my ten little dwarfs to help me."

Tom pricked up his ears when he heard of dwarfs. He loved to hear of dwarfs and giants, but he had never seen either one or the other. So he said, "What do you mean by your ten dwarfs, Nannie?"

"I will tell you, little master," she replied. "When I was born I had ten dwarfs given me, who were to be always ready to obey my commands. They are of unequal size. The two first are very short, but they are stout and well-set; if they are not very skilful, they are very strong. The two next are larger and more nimble. They can milk and spin. Their brothers, who are the tallest of

all, are very clever in using the needle, as you would guess from the steel thimble which they wear on their heads. There are two others not so clever. They wear a ring round their waists and are very useful for general work. The last are very little, and they have more good will than either strength or skill; but little as they are I should not like to lose them.

“The whole ten go and come, rise, fall, and work together; they help each other to dress my children; they prepare their food and my own too; they wash, fold, and gather the linen; they do all I want in the way of service; I have only to command them.”

“Ah, I have found you out,” said Tom. “Your dwarfs are your ten fingers, and very good servants they are.”

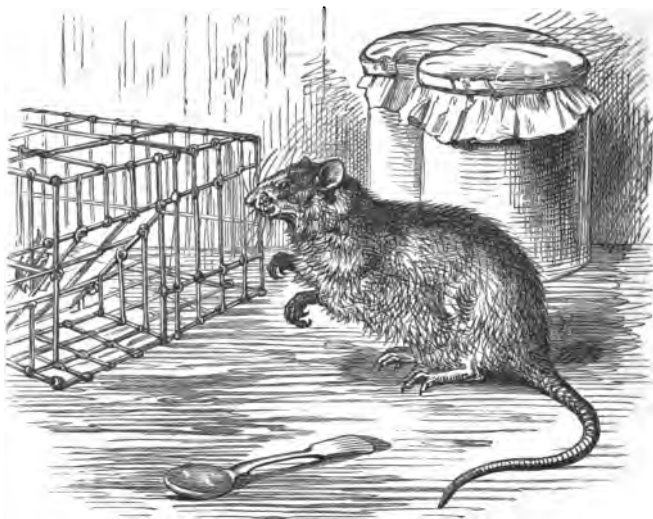
Write:—

Our fingers are un-e-qual in size and usefulness. She is not a skilful cook, but she is a good general servant.

He gave a command to his men to prepare to meet the giants.

THE RAT AND HIS LITTLE ONE.

fortune	greediness	orphan	successful
storehouse	ruined	embrace	delicious
prudent	approach	ceremony	suspicious



AN old rat, who was on his death-bed and felt that his end was near, said to his little son, who was weeping by his side, "I leave you, my son, a fairly large portion ; you will find my storehouses full of good things—nuts and cheese and candles and even eggs ; enjoy the fruits of my labours and be happy.

If you will only be prudent, even though you should live for a hundred years and more, you will not see the end of the good things which I leave behind me.

"But take care," said he, "of greediness. That is a rock on which many a fine ship has struck and gone down. I mean many a rat has been ruined by it. Fat slices of bacon may be very nice, but they almost always mean poison to us poor rats. Flee them. Do not suffer yourself to approach them. If not, I forewarn you, my poor little orphan rat, you will perish. Farewell."

Saying these words, the old fellow embraced his son, kissed him, and died. The son, master of the goods which his kind old father had laid up for him, at first enjoyed himself very much, and grew quite fat on the abundance of food at his command; but, in a short time, he grew dainty. The fare which had satisfied his father was too plain for him. He grew weary of cheese and candles and soap and nuts.

One day he left his old home to see if he could not find something nicer to eat. He was fairly successful, and among other things

which he found were some bits of bacon. These he crunched under his teeth with much relish. "My simple-minded father," said he to himself, "was very kind in his way, but with all his abundance, he had no idea of good living. Candles and cheese and such things are all very well, when you cannot get anything better, but slices of bacon are the food for me!"

Before a day was over, as he was exploring a strange house into which he had got, he discovered in an odd-looking cage a morsel of bacon that smelled delicious. "Good," said he, "I have tasted you already, Mr. Bacon. You will go into my game bag." The cage, however, looked rather suspicious, and filled him with some fear. It was made of wire. I have even read in a trustworthy book that he retreated four steps, before he could quite make up his mind to come right up to it.

But the bacon, like a magnet, drew him nearer and nearer, until at last, after a good deal of ceremony, he came right up to the bacon and began to smell it quite close. Then he tried it with his teeth. The catch of the trap (for trap the cage was) was at once

set free, and the rat found himself a prisoner inside.

What was he to do? He could do nothing. He went round and round the trap and poked his nose between the wires, but there was no way out. His father had told him that bacon would be his death, if he went near it, and the old rat's word had proved true. The cook found him in the trap and, on her shaking him out, the cat seized upon him and killed him.

Boys, beware of greediness, and when you think you are wiser than your father, remember the rat and his little one.

Write :—

A prudent person will provide for the needs of old age.

Suspicious people are unjust to those whom they wrongly suspect.

An orphan is a child who has lost a parent.

When we wish people to feel at home, we say, "Do not stand upon ceremony."

THE SPARROW'S CHIRP.

shield	portion	knoweth	compass
bordered	enough	forgotten	twilight
build	heavenly	creature	feathers

I AM only a little sparrow,
 A bird of low degree ;
 My life is of little value,
 But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers ;
 It is very plain I know,
 With never a speck of crimson,
 For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
 And it shields me from the rain ;
 Were it bordered with gold or purple,
 Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the spring-time cometh,
 I will build me a little nest,
 With many a chirp of pleasure,
 In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
 I never sow nor reap ;
 God gives me a sparrow's portion,
 But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
 Close picking makes it sweet ;
 I have always enough to feed me,
 And " life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten ;
Though weak, we are never afraid ;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creature He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray ;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree ;
But I know the Father loves me :—
Have you less faith than we ?

Write :

His shield was held out to protect his body.
We have enough of stones to build a house.
A compass shows the sailor how to steer his ship.

A LUMP OF SUGAR.

America	height	refine	pleasure
twelve	squeeze	remove	world
juice	syrup	ashamed	could

FRED SMITH was very fond of sugar. One day he asked his mother to give him a lump. So she said, "If you will tell me where it comes from, and how it is made, I will give you a lump."

Fred did not know anything about sugar, except that it was nice and melted in his mouth and in his tea, but he could read, so he set to work to find a book which would tell him something about sugar.

At last he found one, and this was what it said. Sugar is made from a plant called the sugar-cane, which grows in the West Indies. "Halloa," said Fred, "where are the West Indies? I must find them out on the map? He soon found them in the map of America, and then he read on. "The sugar-cane is a sort of grass which grows to from six to twelve feet high, and the pith of which is full of a very sweet juice."

"Let me see, how much is six feet?" said

Fred. "Why, that is the height of my father. And twelve feet, of course, would be twice as high."

Fred went on reading. "When the canes are ripe, they are cut down and taken to a mill, where they are crushed and the juice squeezed out of them. This juice is boiled and the scum is taken off it. The clear syrup that is left behind is then boiled until it is thick enough to form grains when it is cooled. The sugar thus made is called raw or moist sugar. Loaf or lump sugar is made from raw sugar, by refining it and removing its brown colour."

"Now," said Fred, "I know all about it." He went and told his mother all he had read, and she not only gave him a lump of sugar, but a very nice book. He soon became ashamed of eating sugar, but he grew very fond of reading books, for he found that a good book gave him more pleasure than all the sugar in the world could.

Write :—

America is a land beyond the sea.

The syrup of a pie is made of the juice of the fruit, sugar, and water.

THE SNAIL AND HIS HOUSE.

sprinkle
delight
covering

through
suppose
layer

really
interesting
learn

ONE day Frank Smith came running into the house with a snail-shell in his hand. "Q, mother," said he, "look what I have found in the garden. I have found a snail-shell stopped up. Is there anything in it?"

"We will see," said his mother. So she sprinkled a few drops of water on the flat side of the shell. In a short time the snail came out and began to move about, much to Frank's delight.

"How did he shut himself up?" said Frank. "The covering which stops up the mouth of the shell in winter," said his mother, "is made of slime. If you will hold it up to the light, you will find that you can see the light through it."

"There is one thing I never can make out," said Frank, "the snail's shell always seems big enough for him. I suppose snails grow just as we do, and yet they never grow too big for their shells. Do the shells grow too?"

"The shells do not grow," said his mother, "but the snail makes its house larger as it grows by adding coats of slime to the rim of the shell. If you look closely at the shell, you will see one layer on top of the other."

"Have snails any bones?" said Frank. "No," said his mother, "they have no bones inside them. Their shell is a kind of outside bone."

"Well," said Frank, "I really did not think that snails were so interesting. I shall watch them now, and see if I can learn something about them from using my own eyes."

Write:—

We may find delight in everything that God has made.

I did not know that there was so much to be learnt from looking at a snail-shell.

How interesting all living creatures are!

THE ORPHAN BOY.

victory	rejoice	shriek
windows	laugh	hardship
shuddering	suddenly	learned

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale !
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,—
 'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy :
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor foolish child—how pleased was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came,
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 And see the lighted windows flame !

To force me home my mother sought,—
 She could not bear to see my joy ;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
 " Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd,—
 My mother answered with her tears.

“Why are you crying so,” said I,
“While others laugh and shout for joy?”
She kissed me, and with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy!

“What *is* an orphan boy?” I said,
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!

My hardships since I will not tell;—
But now no more a parent’s joy,
Ah! lady, I have learned too well
What ’tis to be an orphan boy!

MRS. OPIE.

Write :—

The battle of the Nile was fought between the English and French fleets.

The English, under Lord Nelson, obtained the victory. Some laughed and rejoiced; some shuddered; some shrieked.



THE THRUSH.

picture
pretty
speckled

hatched
father
except

batter
purpose
cushion

THIS is a picture of Tom King's thrush. Is he not a fine bird? And has he not pretty spots on his breast? You will always know a thrush by his speckled breast and by his sweet song. He has a great many notes, and will sing for hours together

I will tell you how Tom came to have it. There was a thrush's nest in a bush in the hedge of his father's garden, but soon after the eggs were hatched, and before the young ones could fly, the mother was killed by a cat. Fearing that the little ones would die, Tom's father took the nest and put it in a cage, which he placed outside the house, leaving the door open. The father of the thrushes used to come to feed them, and Tom used to feed them also. One day the father was killed too, and so Tom was left in charge of the poor little orphan thrushes. He took great care of them, but all of them died except one which Tom has now.

Thrushes are very fond of snails. How do you think they get at them? They take the shell in their bills and batter it against a stone until the shell is broken. You will sometimes find quite a heap of shells by some stone which suits the thrush's purpose. Once a lady had a pin-cushion made just like a shell. One day she saw a tame thrush, which she used to allow to fly about her room, take up the pin-cushion and batter it against a chair. She could not make out what he was

doing. At last it struck her that the thrush thought it was a real shell, and was trying to get the snail out.

Write :—

What a pretty picture that would make.

For what purpose does the thrush break the shell ?

You kneel on a cushion ; you put pins in a pin-cushion.

THE CAT AND THE COOK.

pantry
mischief
instead

thousand
sketched
devour

trifle
temptation
inclined

IN a grand prince's house there was a pantry, where there were a great many rats, which did a great deal of mischief. One night the cook said, "I know what I will do with you. I will put the cat in here, and he will make short work with you." So he put his cat in the pantry. The cat's name was Fluffy.

Fluffy had never been shut up in the pantry before. There were a great many nice things there and he was rather hungry. At first he kept watching for the rats, but very soon the smell of a meat pie began to trouble his mind.

He was fond of something nice, but he did not go near the pie, and tried to forget about it. He licked his paws; then he rubbed his eyes; he came near the pie; then he went as far as he could from it; he rolled himself; he stretched himself, and did a thousand things to forget the pie.

Fluffy held out for a long time; but at last could resist no longer. First he scratched the dish, and then he walked round it. Somehow or other his paw got on the crust. Then he looked at the pie side-ways. Then he smelled the crust, and lifted it up to see what was under it; then he stood quite still, as if he did not know what to do; then he turned his head the other way, and then back again; but his mouth watered more and more. Then he tried his tooth on the crust. He found it very nice, and at last he devoured the meat beneath it.

When the cook came for the pie in the morning he found only the remains of it. Fluffy fled at the sight of the cook, and when he came home had a good beating.

Do not trifle with temptation. When you feel inclined to do wrong go out of the way of the temptation, and, if you cannot go out

of the way of it, ask God to give you strength
to resist it.

Write :—

If you can not do good, do not do mischief.
Temptation comes to us in a thousand ways.
If you are inclined to do what is wrong, keep out of
the way of temptation.

THE SONG OF THE GRASS.

morning	gratefully	everywhere
narrow	beautify	busy
silent	quietly	pleasant

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,

Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him, at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

40 I CAN DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.

Write :—

How pleasant it is to walk in the early morning !
God beautifies the earth with grass and flowers.
Tom was very busy and silent when we came.

I CAN DO WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.

reprove	savage	walking-stick	people
common	grieve	shoulders	promise
pleaded	interfere	coward	attached
dumb	animals	learning	benefit

ONE day a gentleman saw a boy beating a dog, and when he reproved him for it the boy said, "It is my own dog, I can do what I like with my own." "O no, you cannot," said the gentleman ; "you have no right to use a dog badly. Let me tell you a story."

A judge was once passing over a common near London, when he saw a man beating his horse in a very cruel way. He begged the man not to be so cruel to his beast, but the more he pleaded the more savage the man grew. "It is my own horse," said he, "and I shall do what I like with my own."

The judge was greatly grieved, because, through his pleading, the horse had been

more cruelly beaten than it would have been if he had not interfered. He saw that words were of no use, and that the man would not listen to reason, so he took his walking-stick and laid it about the man's shoulders.

The man was a great coward, as most cruel people are, and, instead of returning the blows, he said to the judge, "What right have you to hit me with that stick?" "I have the same right to hit you as you have to hit that horse," said the judge. "The stick is my own, and if you can use your horse as you like, because it is your own, I can use my stick as I like, because the stick is my own."

By this time the boy felt ashamed of his cruelty, and he promised the gentleman not to beat his dog again.

We have no right to do what we please with our own. We have nothing but what God gave us, and to every one of His gifts there is some duty attached. Thus, if He gives us money we must use it wisely; if He gives us learning we must use it for the good of our fellow-men; if He gives us power over poor dumb animals we must use it for their benefit as well as for our own.

Write :—

It grieves me to see people cruel to poor dumb animals.

I like to see a boy attached to his dog.

Do not despise little benefits.

A BOY'S FIGHT WITH EAGLES.

build	anxious	platform	conduct
difficult	eaglet	rescue	cruelty
frighten	contrive	descend	parent

EAGLES build their nests on ledges of high rocks that are very difficult to get at. A Scotch boy was very anxious to get some young eaglets, and, in order to plunder a nest where he knew there were some, had himself lowered by a rope over a cliff, until he reached the platform of rock where the eagles had built their nest.

He found in the nest two eaglets whose feathers were not full grown. As soon as they saw him they threw themselves on their backs, struck out with their claws, snapped at him with their beaks, and made a great noise.

Their cries soon brought to their rescue

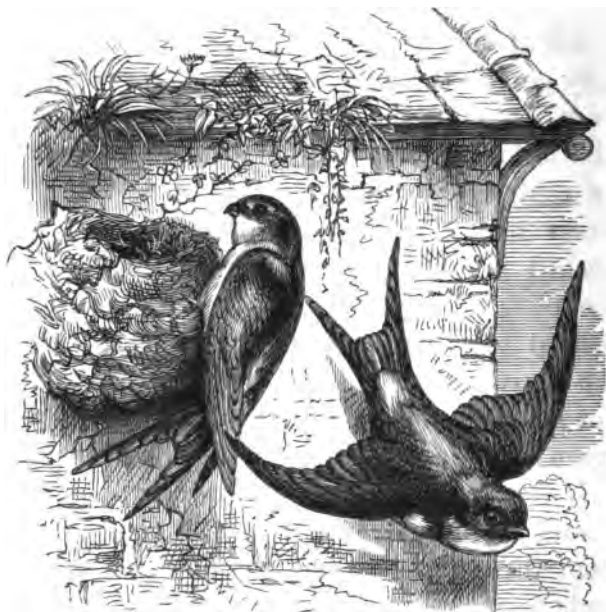
the old birds, who, as soon as they saw the boy, dashed at him, beat him with their wings, and tore at him with their claws and beaks. He was very much frightened, and fully expected that they would kill him.

All at once it struck him that, if he could only get at the two eaglets and throw them over the cliff, the parent birds would leave him to look after them. With great difficulty he contrived to carry out his plan. He got closer and closer to the nest, and at last pushed it, with the two eaglets in it, over the cliff. Away flew the parent eagles in an instant to follow their poor young ones, and the boy was saved. I need not say that he did not lose any time in getting himself pulled up again by the rope by which he had descended.

It was a cruel thing for the boy to do, but it was his only chance of life. You will see from this story how one act of cruelty often leads to another. If the boy had not gone to rob the nest, he would not have been prompted to throw the young ones over the cliff. I am glad to say that when he grew up to be a man, he came to see how cruel his conduct had been.

Write :—

The rain and snow descend from the sky.
 We contrived to rescue the bird from the cat.
 He was very anxious to please his parents.



THE SWALLOW.

believe	finish	insects	September
building	patched	notice	hundred
colour	constantly	towards	avoid

“MOTHER, mother,” said little Frank Harris one fine day in April, “there is a bird doing

something under the roof of our house. I believe it is building a nest."

"What sort of a bird is it?" said his mother.

"It is of a dark-blue colour on the upper part of the head and wings, and there is a dark-blue band across its chest. The under parts are white."

"Oh, that is a swallow. If you want to know more about it, watch it for yourself."

So Frank watched it day by day. He saw that the swallow brought small lumps of mud and clay, and stuck them in rows against the wall. To do this it had to cling to the wall by its claws, and steady itself by pressing its tail against the wall.

By and by the nest was finished. It looked like a round ball of mud. One day there was a great storm, and part of the nest fell down, but the swallow soon patched it up again.

When the little ones were hatched, the old birds seemed constantly flying in and out of the nest. Frank asked his mother what they did this for? She told him that swallows live upon insects, and that the old birds went out to catch insects for their little ones. Frank

had noticed what a wide mouth they had, and now he saw how useful this wide mouth was to them.

Towards September, he saw a great number of swallows on the school-room. There were hundreds of them on the ridge of the roof, and he could not make out what they were doing there ; but he did not see them again any more that year. His mother said that they had all flown to some warm land in the far south, so as to avoid the cold of our winter.

Write :—

People do not believe liars.

An insect is a little creature with six legs.

Always take notice of the things around you.

A TURKISH STORY.

stories	except	relations
promise	hedgehog	kindred
field	friends	humbly

THE Turks are fond of story-telling. This is one of the stories which they tell about King Solomon.

The angel Gabriel was sent to him one day with a cup filled with the water of life. The

angel promised him that if he drank the water he should live for ever.

The king called all his wise men together, and asked them whether they would advise him to drink the water.

They all said, "Drink, O king, and live for ever."

Then he called the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and he asked them to advise him what he should do.

They all, except one, said the same as the wise men, "Drink, O king, and live for ever."

The beast that told him not to drink was the hedgehog. He came before the throne, and bowing very humbly, he said, "If your friends and relations may drink this water, O king, then drink, and live for ever. But if you alone are to drink it, then put it from you. For sad would it be to live on, and see your friends and kindred die, one after the other, until you are left alone."

"True are thy words, O hedgehog," said the king. "To me alone has the water of life been sent. As thou hast advised, so will I do." And the king would not taste the water of life.

Write :—

We ought always to keep our promises.
I left my friend in the field.
Our kindred are our relations.

THE PEACHES.

market	fruit	future	kernel
admire	provide	prudent	merchant
thought	exclaim	remain	silent

A FARMER brought home with him from market five peaches ; the finest that could be seen anywhere. It was the first time that his children had ever seen any peaches ; and they greatly admired their ruddy cheeks and soft down. Then the father gave one to each of his four boys and one to their mother.

At night, when the children were going to bed, their father asked them, " Well, how did you like the peaches ? " " Much, dear father," said the eldest boy, " they are a lovely fruit ; they are slightly sharp, but they have a very nice flavour. I have kept the stone of mine and I am going to plant it in the garden, and grow a tree from it." " Quite right," said his father, " that is the way to provide for the

future, and every farmer ought to provide for it."

"I ate mine at once and threw the stone away," said the youngest, "and my mother gave me one half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet and melted in my mouth." "Well," said his father, "you have not acted very wisely, it is true, but such is the way with young children. There is time enough for you to become wise and prudent."

Then began the second son, "I picked up the stone that my little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel inside, which I ate, and it tasted as sweet as a nut."

"But what did you do with your peach," said his father. "Oh, I sold it," said he, "and got so much money for it, that when I go to town I shall be able to buy, perhaps, a dozen peaches for it." His father shook his head, and said, "You have shown yourself very sharp, but you have not acted like a child. If you ever become a merchant, I should not like to have to deal with you."

"And you, Edmund, what did you do with yours?" asked the father. Edmund said, "I took my peach to little George Brown, who is

ill of a fever. He was not willing to take it from me, but I thought he wanted it more than I did, so I laid it on his bed, and came away."

"Well," said the father, "which of you has made the best use of his peach?"

All three exclaimed, "Our brother Edmund has." But Edmund remained silent, and his mother kissed him, with a tear in her eye.

Write :—

We went to the market and admired the fruit.

The prudent merchant thought of the future.

Do not remain silent; and do not all exclaim at once.

THE SHARK.

several	attached	stomach	beautiful
troublesome	overboard	knives	polish
wholesale	struggle	carrot	handle

HERE is a shark. How should you like him to catch hold of you by your leg? His mouth is on the under side of his head. In his jaws there are six rows of teeth. The outside row are used for cutting his food, and they are always on edge. The inside rows are pressed back and are kept until

wanted, that is, until the outside teeth are worn out or broken. These teeth are so sharp that savages often fix them on wooden handles and use them as weapons of war.

There are several kinds of shark. One, called the Blue Shark, is often found on our own coasts, and a very troublesome fellow he



is to the fishermen. The Blue Shark pursues the shoals of small fish that come to our shores and swallows them wholesale. Even when they are in the net he will snap at them, carrying off large mouthfuls of the net with them.

The shark is easily caught. A piece of pork is put on a hook, which is attached to

an iron chain. This chain is tied on to a thick rope and thrown overboard. The shark snaps at the pork and is caught by the hook. Then follows a great struggle. The shark tries to get away, but a noose is slipped over his tail, and he is then lifted on board, and put to death.

All sorts of odd things have been found in the shark's stomach, among others, knives, hats, boots, a workbox, and an entire cow's hide.

The White Shark is the most dreaded of all the sharks. It is sometimes over thirty feet long. It will snap off a man's legs, just as a boy might snap a carrot.

The spine, or back bone, is very beautiful, and is sometimes polished and made into a walking-stick. The Chinese are very fond of soup made from the fins.

One kind of shark is called the Hammer-headed Shark, because its head sticks out on each side, just like the two ends of a hammer stick out on each side of the handle.

Write :—

Merchants sell goods by wholesale ; tradesmen, by retail.

Several curious things are found in the shark's stomach.

The blade of the knife is attached to the handle.

THE PLUM-CAKE.

currants	lemon	island
raisins	preserve	country
candied	sugar	piece

Most boys like plum-cake, but a good many do not know what it is made of, and where the things come from of which it is made.

The currants have nothing to do with the black and red and white currants that grow in our gardens. They are small dried grapes, that come to us from some islands off the coast of Greece. See if you can find out Greece on the map.

Raisins are also dried grapes, but of a larger sort. They come to us from Spain. Now, see if you can find out Spain.

Then there is spice in the cake. Allspice, which is the spice most used in making cake, comes from the West Indies. You will find the West Indies in the map of North America. Look towards the bottom of the map.

The spice is the berry of a tree, that grows to the height of about thirty feet. As much as 150 pounds of raw berries have been picked off one tree.

On the top of the cake, you know, there is often some candied peel. This peel is the rind of the lemon, and has been preserved in sugar. The lemons come to us from Sicily and Spain. Now, if you look at the map of Europe, you will see that Sicily is an island off the coast of Italy, and Spain is a country to the south-west of France.

Besides all this, there is a good deal of sugar in a plum-cake. Most of the sugar we use comes from the West Indies.

So you see that when you eat a piece of plum-cake, you eat a number of things that come from all parts of the world. By and by, you will learn about the countries where they come from. You will like that better than plum-cake.

Write :—

I saw in the grocer's shop currants and raisins and candied peel.

An island is a piece of land with water all round it.
We use sugar to preserve fruit.

PAST AND PRESENT.

window	breath	built	ignorance
brought	breathe	laburnum	heaven
borne	white	swallow	spirit

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light !
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday—
 The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing ;
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,—
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy !

THOMAS HOOD.

Write :—

I was brought to the house where I was born.
 The air which we have breathed we call breath.
 Some swallows have built under our eaves.
 Tom was borne home by two men.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

different	although	punished	captain
scarcely	question	fellow	success
coward	stubborn	partner	company

THERE was once a poor man who had three boys, whose names were Can't, Won't, and Try. They were very different from one another, and you would scarcely have thought that they were brothers.

Can't was a very idle boy, and a great coward. He was afraid to jump across a

ditch for fear he should fall in. He was afraid to climb a tree for fear he should fall down. When he was asked to do anything he was almost sure to say that he could not do it, although, perhaps, he had never tried. He was just the same in school as in the play-ground. If he was asked a question, he would say, "I do not know." If he had to do a sum, he would say, "I can't do it."

Won't was not idle, and he was not stupid, but he had a bad temper and was very stubborn. If he made up his mind that he would not do a thing, nothing would make him do it. If he was cross, his schoolmates could not get him to play, no matter how much they might ask him. If he wanted to play, he would not learn his lessons, even though he was sure to be punished for not knowing them. Nobody liked him because of his bad temper and his wilful ways. He was not good at a game, because he wanted to have his own way in everything, and he did not get on at school, because he would not do what he was told.

Try was a very little fellow, and the youngest of the three. He had a brave heart

although he was so little, and he was always ready to do what his parents and teachers told him. If he was asked whether he could do anything very hard, he would say, "I do not know whether I can do it, but I will try." Sometimes he used to fail, but mostly he contrived to do what he tried to do. Once he tried to jump across a brook, and, not being able to clear it, fell into the water; but he did not cry. He made up his mind that when he was a little older he would have another trial, and before long he could jump over the brook in its widest place.

When Try first went to school, his teacher said, "Can you read?" "No," said he; "but I will try to learn." "That will do," said the teacher; "I want boys in my school who will try to learn."

In a few months Try was at the top of the class. Can't was still at the bottom of his class. So was Won't at the bottom of his. Need I say that Try was the happiest of the three?

They are grown-up men now. Can't is a servant to a master of the name of Must; Won't is a soldier under Captain Shall; and

Try is a partner in the firm of Success and Company.

Write :—

When several people join together to carry on a trade,
they are called a firm or a company.

What success had you in fishing?

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

dispute	quarrel	effect	bottom
boaster	tighter	sudden	bluster
strength	minute	contest	kindness

ONE day in winter the sun and the wind had a dispute as to which of the two was the stronger. The wind is a great boaster, and blew himself into a rage, because the sun said that he was the stronger of the two, although he did not make so much noise about his strength.

At last the sun said, "Well, do not let us quarrel any longer. You see that old man going along the road? Let us see which of us can get the cloak off his back first. You shall begin."

"All right," said the wind, and he began to blow very hard. But the cold wind only

made the old man draw his cloak tighter round him. The wind, always ready to fly into a passion, grew angry, and blew again, twice as hard as before; but the more he blew the closer the old man drew his cloak around him. "Stay a minute," said the wind; "I will try the effect of one of my sudden blasts." Then he drew in his breath, and all at once blew so hard that the very oak trees fell before him; but the old man still clung to his cloak. Then the wind gave up the contest and calmed down.

"Now it is my turn," said the sun. "Oh, if I could not do it," said the wind, "I am sure you cannot." "Well, let me try," said the sun. Then the sun got from behind a cloud, where he had been hiding, and shone softly on the old man. In a few minutes moist drops began to form on his brow. "Dear me," said he, "how warm it is all at once!" Then he unloosed one of the buttons of his cloak. The sun kept on softly shining. "Why, I am melting," said the old man; "I cannot keep this cloak on any longer." As he said this, he took it off and threw it on his arm.

“Well, I never!” said the wind; “how did you do that?” “I will tell you,” said the sun. “You tried to have your way by noise and bluster, and treated the old man coldly. I tried the effect of kindness. A warm smile will do more than a cold word or a hard blow.”

Write :—

Boasting often leads to disputes and quarrels.
What effect had the sun upon the old man?
A contest is a struggle for mastery.

THE BOY WHO PICKED UP THE PIN.

carefully	situation	office	qualities
comb	factory	observe	hurry
merchant	warehouse	thrifty	business

A LITTLE boy, named Tom Tidy, who had lost his parents and who had been brought up by kind friends, said to himself one day, “I am twelve years of age, it is time for me to go to work and earn my own bread. My kind friends have kept me for many years, and have sent me to school. I ought now to be doing something for them.”

So Tom made up his mind to go and look

62 THE BOY WHO PICKED UP THE PIN.

for some work. Having washed his face very carefully, and combed his hair, and brushed his clothes and boots, he went to the office of a very rich merchant and asked him for a situation, either in his factory, or in the ware-



house, or in the office. Tom said that he did not care much what he had to do, if he could only earn some wages.

The merchant said, "We do not want anybody. All our situations are filled."

Tom was very sad when he got this answer,

and went away looking quite downcast. As he was crossing the yard in front of the office, what should he see but a pin sticking up between two stones.

"Halloa," said Tom, "here is a pin, at any rate. If I have not found a place, I have found a pin. It may be useful to me or somebody else some day. I shall put you, Mr. Pin, in my jacket." Saying these words he ran the pin in and out the inside of his jacket. The picking up of that pin made his fortune.

The merchant, struck with the boy's chubby face and good manners, had watched him through the window as he crossed the yard, and, observing him pick up the pin, he said to himself, "That is a careful and thrifty boy. He has just the qualities to make a useful servant. If he would pick up a pin he would take care of a pound. I will call him back and find something for him to do."

He ran out, called the boy back, and offered to give him a place at four shillings a week. Tom was delighted and hurried home to tell his friends the good news. At the end of this week, he had the pleasure of taking home to them four bright shillings, which he had earned by his own labour. He was an honest

boy, and whatever he had to do he did well and cheerfully. The clerks were very fond of him and always had a good word for him. In a short time his wages were raised, and before many years he became a partner in the merchant's business.

Perhaps you will say, "What an odd thing for a pin to make a boy's fortune!" But it was not the pin that really made his fortune. It was the careful habit that led him to pick up the pin.

Write :—

Children should come to school with their hair carefully combed.

A thrifty man never throws away time or money.

Do not expect to make your fortune every time you pick up a pin.

LUCY GRAY.

solitary
comrade
lantern

scarcely
minster
faggot

wanton
disperse
powdery

wretched
guide
furlong

OFt I had heard of Lucy Gray :

And, when I crossed the wild,

I chanced to see at break of day

The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor ;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father ! I will gladly do ;
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And turning homeward, now they cried,
" In heaven we all shall meet ! "
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small :
And through the broken hawthorn hedge
And by the long stone wall :

And then an open field they crossed,
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one;
Into the middle of the plank;
And farther there were none!

Write :—

A solitary person is one who lives by himself.
A cathedral is sometimes called a minster.
To destroy a thing needlessly is wanton mischief.
A furlong is the eighth part of a mile.

A SINGLE NAIL.

market	demand	wanting
difference	money	hedge
rough	gallop	replied

A FARMER had one day saddled his horse and was just going to start off to the nearest market-town, when, on lifting up one of the horse's feet, he saw that a nail was out of one of the shoes.

"O, that is nothing," he said. "What difference does a single nail make? I can easily get one put in some day when I am passing by the smith's shop." Off he started, and in a short time forgot all about it.

He had not gone more than a mile from

home when the horse-shoe came off. "Well, I never thought it would come off so soon," said he. "However, it does not matter very much. Dobbin will get on well enough with three horse-shoes, I have no doubt. Besides, the market-town is not far off, and I shall be able to get a shoe put on there."

The road was very rough, having been lately covered with stones, and poor Dobbin soon became so lame, through having no shoe to protect his foot, that he could scarcely get along.

All at once two robbers, who had been hiding behind a hedge, sprang out, and demanded from the farmer his money or his life. The farmer tried to get Dobbin to gallop off, but the poor beast was too lame to move, and stood stock-still.

The robbers took from the farmer all he had, and ran away. The farmer then got off his horse and led him home. "Well, John," said his wife, "how is it that you are come back so soon?" "I have been robbed, wife, and all through a shoe-nail." "All through a shoe-nail!" his wife said. "Yes," replied the farmer, "all through a shoe-nail. If I had

put a nail in my horse's shoe when I saw one was wanting, the shoe would not have come off. If the shoe had not come off, Dobbin would not have fallen lame. If Dobbin had not been lame, the robbers would not have been able to get hold of me and rob me."

Write:—

'Do you know the difference between rough and smooth?'

"Yes," replied the boy, "a file is rough, and glass is smooth."

To demand a thing is to require a person to give it to you.

THE WIDOW'S RING.

unfortunate	subjects	laugh	receive
enemies	collectors	victory	ransom
prisoner	release	gratitude	beautiful

A KING of Spain was very unfortunate in his wars. His armies were beaten by his enemies again and again; his son was taken prisoner; his money was all gone; and he was so poor that he could not even pay a ransom to set his son free.

So he asked his subjects to help him by all

the means in their power, and sent persons to collect money from them. These collectors came to the cottage of a poor old widow who lived on alms.

"The son of the king," said they, "is a prisoner. Will you help to release him?" She took a worn-out silver ring off her finger, and said, "That is all I have to give. Take it. I give it to the king with all my heart." The collectors laughed, for the ring was not worth more than a few pence.

Some time after, the king obtained a great victory over his enemies and released his son. His first care was to show his gratitude to those who had helped him in his distress.

His courtiers expected to receive the first and greatest rewards, but they were deceived.

The king sent for the poor old widow and gave her some very beautiful presents. She said, "Your gracious majesty, I do not deserve these splendid gifts. I never did anything for you, but give you my old ring when your son was a prisoner." "I do not value gifts at what they are worth," said the king; "what I do value is the heart that gives them. You gave me all that you had."

Write:—

We ought to show gratitude to those from whom we have received kindness.

A ransom is money paid to release a prisoner.

We should not laugh at the unfortunate.

THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

agree	pleasure	pretence	satisfied
decide	balance	equal	justice
consent	mouthful	alarm	serious
lordship	remains	trouble	dismiss

Two cats having stolen a cheese, began to quarrel about the share each was to have. Each was afraid that the other would have the larger share. So they agreed to ask a monkey to decide between them.

The monkey consented with pleasure. He got a balance and put a piece of the cheese in each scale. "Let us see," said he, "this piece is heavier than that. I must bite a bit off it." Saying this, he bit a great mouthful off the cheese, under the pretence of making the two sides equal.

Then the other side was the heavier, so he said, "I must just bite a bit off that side, and

72 THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

then they will be equal." In this way he got a second mouthful.

"Stop, stop," said the two cats, who began to be alarmed; "give us the two pieces that are left, and we will be satisfied."



"That is all very well," said the monkey, "you may be satisfied, but justice is not. A serious quarrel like this cannot be settled in this off-hand way."

Then he began to eat the pieces of cheese again, first one and then the other. The cats, seeing that very soon the whole of the cheese would be eaten, said, "We beg your pardon, but we will not trouble your lordship any more. We shall be quite content with what remains of the cheese."

"Do not be in such a hurry, my friends," said the monkey. "Justice is due to me as well as to you. What remains of the cheese belongs to me for my trouble." Saying this, he put the rest of the cheese in his mouth, and with a grand bow he dismissed the court.

Write:—

A balance is a pair of scales.

A judge should see that justice is done.

It would be injustice to punish the innocent.

BAD COMPANY.

caught	colour	enemies	orchard
flutter	innocent	dangerous	whipping
expect	affectionate	honest	regularly

A FARMER once caught a number of birds who had been stealing his corn. There were all sorts of birds, big and little, in the net, and among them was a stork. They were all in a

great flutter, and expected that the farmer would at once put them to death.

"O spare me," said the stork, "I am not one of those wicked birds who eat your corn. You can see by my colour who I am. I am a stork, one of the most innocent and affectionate of birds. I did not go into the field for corn. I was only looking for frogs. Everybody knows how kind I am to my father in his old age, and what care I take of my little ones."

The farmer said, "I do not know anything about all that, but this I do know. I caught you in the middle of my enemies; and as you have been taken with them you must prepare to die with them."

So you see, boys, how dangerous it is to get into bad company. But there is a worse danger than that of being caught and punished with them. If you play with pitch you will get pitch on your hands; so if you play with bad boys they will make you bad.

There was a boy named Tom Jones, who was very idle and did not like to go to school. When he was sent to school he used to stop away and play about the streets and in the fields. I need not say that the boys whom

he found there were not good boys. Good boys would have been at school. These were bad boys, and told lies, and were not always honest.

One day two of the boys got Tom to go with them to rob an orchard. Whilst they were getting the apples off one of the trees, the owner of the orchard came and caught them. All three were sent off to prison and soundly whipped.

Poor Tom was very sad when he was sent to prison, not only because of the disgrace and the pain of the whipping, but because of his poor father and mother, who nearly broke their hearts to see their son go to prison.

When he came out of prison he took good care to go to school regularly, and play only with good boys, and in a short time he grew quite fond of school and was praised by his master for his progress in his class.

Write :—

An orchard is a place where fruit-trees are grown. The boy who was caught robbing the orchard was whipped.

It is dangerous to go about with bad boys.

THE CANARIES AND THE GOLDFINCH.

stranger	beakful	plumage	defect
couched	beautiful	account	kindly
thought	yellow	otherwise	jealous
relations	scarlet	dispute	ungrateful

A BOY who was very fond of birds, placed a goldfinch's egg under a hen canary. The hen canary had a warm heart, but was not very clever, and did not find out the trick that had been played on her. She sat on the goldfinch's egg as if it had been her own.

By-and-by the eggs were hatched. The little stranger came out of his egg and was treated by the old canaries with the greatest kindness, just as if he were one of their own little ones. Snugly couched in the warm wool of the nest, he slept all the day long by the side of the canaries, of whom he thought he was the brother. He had his beakful of food in his turn, just the same as the others, and at night he slept under his foster-mother's wing.

Each of the little canaries soon grew into a beautiful yellow bird with splendid plumage. The goldfinch's feathers did not turn colour,

but he did not think himself any the less beautiful on that account. Nor did the young canaries think him ugly, for those who are brought up together look with a kindly eye on each other's defects.

One day a jealous old goldfinch came to the little goldfinch, and said, "It is high time for you to know who you are. These canaries of whom you are so fond are not your own relations: it was a goldfinch who was your father, and it is a goldfinch you are, not a canary; look at yourself. You have a brown body and a scarlet head."

"Yes," said the little goldfinch, "I have a brown body and a scarlet head; I am not going to dispute with you about all that; but I have not an ungrateful heart. And my heart will always hold dear those who were kind to me when I was little. If my feathers are not like theirs, I am sorry for it; but their hearts and mine are very much alike. You say that I am nothing to them. All I can say, is that their care of me shows I am a great deal to them. People may *say* all sorts of things; but there is nothing so true as what

one *feels*. To a grateful bird those who show it kindness are more than father or mother."

Write :—

Yellow, brown, and scarlet are colours.

In spite of his defects Tom was a good lad.

Some birds have a beautiful plumage.

TWO STORIES ABOUT RATS.

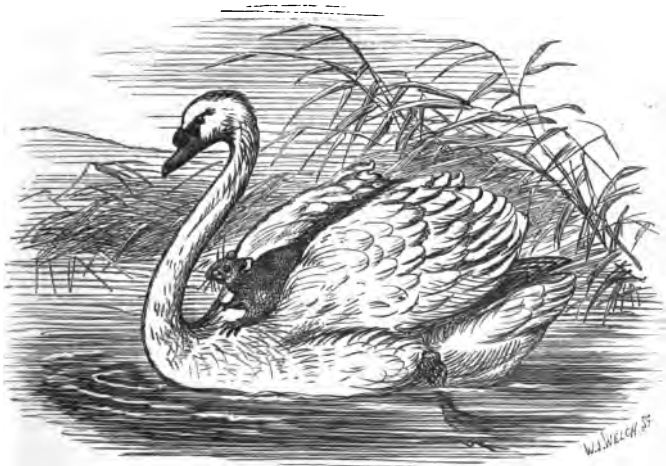
dreadful	certain	piebald	pockets
swoln	refuge	curiosity	companion
plumage	omnibus	straightway	dainties

A DREADFUL storm once happened in the north of England. The river Tyne was much swoln with the floods of rain that had fallen, and great numbers of people were gathered together on its banks to watch the hay and other things, which the river was sweeping down to the sea.

By-and-by a beautiful white swan came in sight, sometimes sailing with the stream and sometimes striving to get to land. As it drew near, the people on the banks could see a black spot on its white plumage. At first they could not make out what it was, but before long they could see that it was a rat.

How had it got on the swan's back?

Nobody could tell for certain, but some persons thought that it had been swept away with some hay-rick in which it had lived, and that it had got on the swan's broad back as a place of refuge.



The second story I have to tell you is about a rat which the driver of a London omnibus succeeded in taming. He was removing some hay when he saw a piebald rat, that is, a rat of different colours, and as he thought it was a curiosity, he caught it and took it home. It grew very tame and was very fond of the

children. Before long it would stretch itself out on the rug before the fire, even in the day-time, and at night it would creep for warmth into his master's bed.

The name which its master gave it was "Ikey." Every morning when its master was going out to his omnibus he would say, "Come along, Ikey," and straightway Ikey would jump into one of its master's great pockets. As soon as they got to the omnibus, Ikey was put in the boot, where it remained until its master's day's work was done. It was quite a companion to his master, and many times in the day he would peep into the boot to see his curious pet. His master used to keep his dinner in the boot, and very faithfully the rat used to guard it. The only article of food that used to tempt him to steal was plum-pudding. He could not resist that. So you see rats, as well as boys, are fond of dainties.

Write :—

A refuge is a place to escape to in time of danger.

A piebald horse is a horse of various colours.

In the omnibus we saw a parrot which had a green and scarlet plumage.

CASABIANCA.

heroic	despair	fragment
chieftain	splendour	perish
unconscious	wreathing	faithful

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic mood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word ;
 The father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
 If yet my task is done ! "
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried,
 " If I may yet be gone ! "
 Only the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And on his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair :

And shouted back once more aloud,
“ My father ! must I stay ? ”
While o’er him fast through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—Oh, where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Write :—

A hero is a person who can dare and do great things
in a good cause.

When we have lost all hope we are said to be in
despair.

A person is said to be unconscious when he does not
know what is going on around him.

THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

interrupt	anxious	wandering	noticed
busy	truant	palace	declare
building	proposed	princess	button

“FATHER, please, tell us a story,” said little Tom Brown, as he got up on his father’s knee.

“O, I have told you all my stories over and over again.”

“Never mind,” said Tom, “make up a story, or tell me one of the old stories again.”

“Well, once on a time”—“That’s it,” said Tom, “stories always begin ‘Once on a time.’”

“Don’t interrupt father,” said his brother Bob, who had been busy building a castle with wooden bricks, and was anxious to hear his father’s story.

“Well, once on a time,” his father began again, “two little boys, named Harry and Ernest, and their sister Lily were sent to school, but instead of going to school they played truant, and went into the wood after birds’ nests.

“It was Harry who first proposed that they

should stay away from school. Ernest said that their mother would be sure to find out that they had not been at school. Lily said that it was very wrong to stay away from school, and that she would much rather go to school than go into the wood. But Harry told them that they would have great fun in the wood, and that they would never be found out. And, at last, they all agreed to go after the birds' nests.

"After wandering about a long time and robbing a great many birds' nests, they came to a great palace, where a beautiful princess lived. Just as they came to the gate of the palace the princess came out. She asked them their names and said, 'Would you like to see my palace and have something to eat? You must be very tired and hungry.' Harry said, 'Yes, if you please. We should like it very much.' 'Very well,' said the princess, 'come with me.' So they followed her into the palace. She took them into a splendid room, and there left them for a few minutes to get them some cake. As soon as she was gone they noticed that they could see right through each other, just as if they were made of glass.

“‘O, Harry,’ said Ernest, ‘what is come to us? I can see your heart, Harry, and there is a big word in black letters on it. There is a **T**, and an **R**, and a **U**, and an **A**, and an **N**, and a **T**. Why, it spells **TRUANT**, I declare.’ Harry buttoned up his coat to try to hide it, but it was of no use. His brother and sister could see through him quite as well as before.”

Write :—

Never interrupt your elders when they are speaking.
Harry proposed that they should wander in the wood.

A palace is a building in which a prince lives.

THE PALACE OF TRUTH—*continued*.

angrily	disobedient	appear
knock	notice	ashamed
distinct	backwards	parents

“‘You need not say anything,’ said Harry, ‘there is something on your heart too. Why, it is **STORY-TELLER**.’ ‘When did I tell a story?’ said Ernest angrily. ‘You told a story last night,’ said Lily. ‘You told mother last night,’ said Lily, ‘that it was

the cat broke your china cup, and you know very well you knocked it off the table as you were playing with the cat.' 'Well, here is a nice fix,' said Ernest. 'Everybody who sees me will be able to see that I am a story-teller,' and he put his cap before his breast to hide the word. 'O, that is of no use,' said Harry, 'I can see the word just as plain as before.'

"Just then Lily looked down and saw that there was something on her heart too, but as she could not read, she could not make out what it was. So she said, 'O, dear, what is there on my heart? Read it, Harry.' The letters were not very distinct, but Harry could make out the word **DIS-O-BE-DI-ENT**. 'Why, it goes all round,' said Harry, when he had spelled it out. 'Am I disobedient?' said Lily. 'Of course, I am, or else I should not be here. Mother told me to go to school, and I have played truant with you instead.'

"'I wonder what the princess will say when she sees it,' said Harry. 'I wish we had gone to school.' In a few minutes the princess came into the room with the cake and fruit, and asked them to take some of it. All at once she noticed that they all three

kept their left arms pressed close against their breasts. She asked them what they did that for? 'Please, ma'am,' said Ernest, 'it is a way we have.' As he said this he felt a pricking in his heart, and Harry, who was behind him, could see through his back the word **STORY-TELLER** plainer than before. Only the word looked as if it were spelled backwards, like this—

STORY-TELLER

"'I hope you are telling me the truth,' said the princess, 'for this is the Palace of Truth; and if you tell a story or do anything that is wrong, it is sure to appear upon your hearts here, and everybody will be able to read it.'

"By this time Lily was quite ashamed at the story Ernest had told. So she said, 'Please, ma'am, we have some ugly words on our hearts, and we were afraid lest you should see them.'

"'I *can* see them,' said the lady. 'I can see them through your arms, and very sorry I am to see them. What have you been doing in the wood this after-noon?' 'We have been playing truant,' said Ernest, who

was now as much ashamed of himself as Lily had been of him.

“‘Well,’ said the princess, ‘I hope you will never do such a thing again. Now go home. I cannot allow little children to remain in my palace who disobey their parents, and play truant and tell stories.’”

Write :—

There was a distinct knock at the door.

Did you notice how ashamed they appeared ?

He was disobedient to his parents.

THE PALACE OF TRUTH—*concluded.*

promise	naughty	coward	rejoicing
invisible	deceived	thrashing	forgiveness
companions	grieved	listen	readily

“‘BUT please, ma’am,’ said Harry, ‘will you kindly take these ugly words off our hearts? We should be ashamed to go to school, if everybody could see how naughty we have been.’

“‘Well,’ said the princess, ‘I cannot take them off your hearts, but if you will promise not to be disobedient, and not to play truant, and not to tell stories, I will make the words

invisible, so that none of your companions will see them. But I hope you are ashamed of being naughty more than of the ugly words, which are the names of the naughty deeds you have done.'

"They all said that they were very, very sorry for what they had done, and promised that they would not be naughty again. As soon as they got outside the castle gates they found that they could no longer see each other's hearts and what was written on them. 'All right,' said Harry. 'It is all gone now.' 'No, it is not all right,' said Lily, 'for we have deceived dear mother, and she will be very grieved at our playing truant.' 'Well, let us go and tell her all about it, and beg her pardon,' said Ernest. 'All right,' said Harry again, 'I know she will blame me most, because I am the oldest, and I ought to have known better. But I am not going to be a coward. We have done wrong, and we must say so. If I get a thrashing when father comes home I shall bear it as best I can.' 'O, father will not beat you,' said Lily, 'if he thinks you are really sorry, and I and Ernest will take our share of the blame. We

ought not to have listened to you. If we had refused to play truant, you would not have played truant.'

"Off they started with lighter hearts on their way home, every now and then stopping to see whether the words had come to light again, and rejoicing to find that they had not. When they reached home they told their mother the whole truth and asked her forgiveness, which, I need not say, she readily granted."

"I say, father," said Tom, when his father had finished his story, "it was I who broke your knife. I took it to cut a stick and the blade snapped. I am very sorry."

"Bless the boy," said his father, "what has the knife to do with my story?"

And what had it?

Write :—

We were very grieved to hear of his deceit.
The stars are visible at night, but they are invisible
by day.

Harry promised to forsake his bad companions.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE SPIDER.

tempted	stalk	monstrous
naughty	husbandman	pleasure
lengthen	harvest	yellow

THERE was a little spider once, all striped with black
and yellow,

Sore tempted to explore a rose,—he was a daring
fellow.

His mother said he must not go, for he was still too
small,

Too youthful and too tender yet, to wander from her
call ;

'Twas better far at home to stay, and dance the rope
so tight,

Than through a rose to thread his way, and wander
out of sight.

His mother dear he would not hear, the naughty,
wilful thing !

He said, that to the rose he'd go, and on the branches
swing :

So lengthening out his slender rope, down to the
ground he dropped,

And ran with all his yellow legs, and never once he
stopped ;

He scrambled up the thorny stalk, in pleasure and
in pride,

Though smarting well with many a prick in legs and
breast and side ;

And soon he stands and cleans himself upon the
pretty mound,—
The mound of velvet, soft and sleek, which on the top
he found.

A sudden shock, like thunder-stroke, thrills through
the spider's frame ;
A rumbling sound is all around—he's sorry that he
came.

'Tis nothing but the husbandman, that's come to
gather here
His golden harvest of fine corn,—the spider need not
fear.

"Don't kill me, please!" the spider cries, "I did not
come to steal ;
I only came to take a walk ; oh, dear ! how bad I
feel !"

The husbandman has got his load, and from the field
he goes :

Uncurling then his yellow legs, the spider soon
uprose ;

He hastened from that yellow field, and would have
gone straight home,

But, no ! through many a mazy way, poor fellow, he
must roam.

Now all his legs they fly so fast, as down the stem
he speeds ;

He only cares to reach his home ; the thorns he
never heeds.

And now along the path he goes, his home is nearly won :

But, stay ! what monstrous thing is that ? Alas !
his race is run.

Something he sees that scares him so ; it stops him
in his race ;

A speckled toad with fishy eye, now stares him in
the face.

He darted out his slender tongue, and caught the
little fellow ;

And said, " 'Tis sweet, but very small, this spider
black and yellow."

Write : —

We should not tempt others to do what is wrong.

A monster is a creature of very great size.

A yellow butterfly perched on the stalk.

THE SLAVE AND THE LION.

wearied
swoln
entered

soldiers
sentenced
pieces

expected
remained
dreadful

THERE was a poor slave, who was treated so badly by his master that he made up his mind to run away. So one day he ran off into the woods, where he wandered about not knowing whither he went.

Wearied out, he went into a cave and lay

down to sleep. He had not been long asleep when he heard a dreadful roar. He started up, and was going to rush out of the cave, when he saw a lion come limping towards him. At first he thought the lion would



spring upon him; but as it came nearer it looked so gentle that he felt quite sure it would do him no harm. So he went up to it and saw that one of its feet was much swoln.

On looking at it closer he saw that a great

thorn had entered the ball of the foot, and that this was why the lion was lame. He took out the thorn, and the lion showed his joy by playing about his feet like a little dog.

The slave remained in the cave with the lion, and the lion never went out to hunt without bringing something home for the slave to eat. But one day, as the slave was wandering about the wood, some soldiers found him, and took him back to his master. He was sentenced to be torn in pieces by a lion.

Soon after a lion was caught, and the slave was placed in the middle of a building like a great circus, and the lion was let loose upon him. Everybody expected to see him torn in pieces; but, instead of that, the lion came up to him and licked his feet, and seemed quite pleased to find him again. It was the same lion from whose foot he had taken out the thorn.

Write :—

I was wearied with walking and my feet were swollen.
The judge sentenced the thief to be put in prison.



THE LOST CHILD.

infant
faithful
shepherd

completely
neighbours
receiving

several
daily
perhaps

A SCOTCH shepherd once went off to the mountains to look after his flock, taking with him his child, an infant of three years old, and his faithful dog. Having to mount a very high hill, the shepherd left his little boy on a small grass plat at the bottom, but before he could return to him a thick mist came on. The day was turned into night, and the shep-

herd, after vainly searching for his child, found that he had completely lost his way. At last, however, after wandering here and there, he got home.

You may judge what an anxious night he spent. Next morning he and some neighbours set out in search of the child, but, after spending the whole day in wandering about the hills, they were obliged to return home without success. On reaching home he found that his dog, which he had lost when he lost his child, had been home, and on receiving a bit of oat-cake, had gone off to the hills again.

For several days the search was kept up, but no trace could be found of the child. Day by day, however, the dog had come for his cake, and set off with it as soon as he had received it. When the shepherd heard this, he thought that, perhaps, his child was still alive and that the dog took the cake to him. So he made up his mind to follow the dog. The next day when the dog received his cake the shepherd set out after him, and by-and-by the dog brought him to a cave, where he found his infant safe and sound. The child had

wandered from where his father had left him to the cave, and the dog had watched over him night and day, going home daily to bring him some food.

Write :—

The faithful dog watched over the infant.
We ought to be kind to our neighbours.
Several neighbours joined in the search.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

implore	inclement	pallid	wrinkled
faggot	hospitable	busily	frozen
toilsome	shield	comfortable	prepare

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat ;
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door ;
And, thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore :—

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
A toilsome mountain lies before ;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

"My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

"So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

"Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast ;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed !"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor, half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs ;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
 And all their merry chat was o'er ;
 And yet they felt, they knew not why,
 More glad than they had been before.

Write :—

We implore God to give us our daily bread.
 An inclement sky means a sky that seems to have
 no mercy on those who are exposed to it.
 A hospitable old man gave us shelter.

THE STRANGE PET.

gosling
 holidays

deliverer
 quite

remained
 animal

A BOY once saved a little gosling from being killed by a rat. The gosling was badly bitten, but the boy dressed its wounds and in a short time it grew quite well. The boy nursed it with much care, and the gosling became very fond of him and followed him about wherever he went.

At last the time came for the boy to go to school, and of course he had to leave the poor gosling behind him. But the gosling did not forget him, and when he came home for his holidays, seemed quite pleased to see him, and followed him about like a little dog. This

went on, year after year, until the gosling had grown up into a goose, and the boy into a young man.

He was very fond of reading, and used to spend a good deal of his time in the garden. The goose would wait for hours for her deliverer, near the summer house where he used to read, and seemed quite happy as soon as she saw him appear.

The young man once fell very ill, and it was thought that he would die. The goose missed him and began to pine away. At last she found out the way to his room, where he used to nurse her when she was a little gosling. He was too ill to notice her, and she crept under his bed, where she remained until the servants found her and took her away.

There is no animal that will not love you, if you will only love it first. Even a goose knows who is kind to it and can be grateful.

Write :—

A gosling is a young goose ; a duckling is a young duck.

A deliverer is a person who saves another from danger.

A FATHER SAVED BY HIS SON.

anecdote
courageassistance
presenceterrified
frighten

THE following is a true anecdote of the courage of a boy. The father of this boy was one day walking in a field where a bull was grazing; the bull, he thought, was quite tame, and he had often been used to stroke him.

This day the gentleman saw the bull following him, as he thought in play; but as he was in haste to return home, he took up a clod of grass and threw it at the bull to drive him away; still the bull followed. The gentleman threw another and a larger sod, but still the bull followed and came quite close behind him.

The gentleman took hold of his horn to turn him aside; but the bull, instead of giving way, tried to toss him up in the air. The gentleman, however, who was a very strong, tall man, kept firm hold of the horn, and walked on some yards in this manner, the bull, every now and then, trying to throw him up, and he keeping down the horn, and calling his

men to his assistance, and whistling for the dogs that guarded the cattle; but neither dogs nor men heard him.

He was seen only by a maid-servant, who was standing on the steps of the house, and who was so terrified that she could neither stir nor speak. At this moment his son, who was about nine years old, playing before the door, looked up and saw his father struggling with the bull. Never thinking of the danger for himself, he ran to him; meantime, his father's strength being at an end, he gave up his hold of the animal, and ran towards a tree to shelter himself from him; but just as he reached the tree, he fell.

The bull made a thrust at him with one horn; it struck against his watch, and this saved him for that time. But the bull had his two fore feet on his breast, and was just ready for another thrust, when his son came up. The boy had no means of defence, no stick, no stone, nothing to throw at the bull; but he snatched from his head his leather cap, and threw it with such good aim, that it hit the bull just across the eyes as he stooped to make another thrust; the animal was

frightened and turned aside. The dogs came up, and the men followed; the bull was driven away, and the father's life was thus saved by the courage and presence of mind of his little son.

Write:—

We show presence of mind when we are in danger by thinking of some way of getting out of it. She was so terrified that she lost her presence of mind.

'GEORGE STEPHENSON'S DOG.

engine	potatoes	disappointment
animal	butcher	fought
favourite	terrible	losing

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a very famous man who made the first engine for running on a rail-road and many other very useful things. Like many other great men he was very fond of animals. When he was a poor boy he used to save the crumbs from his dinner to feed the robins, and so tame did he make them that they would come and hop round his feet.

But of all his pets his dog was his greatest

favourite. Among other useful things that he taught his dog to do, was to bring him his dinner every day. Perhaps you will wonder how the dog did this. I will tell you. The meat, the potatoes, the bread, and whatever else was sent for George's dinner, were put into a tin, which was hung round the dog's neck.

As soon as this was done, off the dog would go, turning neither to the right nor to the left till he had given up the tin, and taking great care not to upset its contents.

One day a big strange dog, belonging to a butcher, saw him trotting along with the dinner, and thought he would like to have a bit of it; it smelled so nice. So he ran after him and tried to get at it. A terrible fight ensued, which lasted for a long time, but at last George's dog got the better of the other, and ran off with the tin.

When he reached George the tin was still round his neck, but in the fight the dinner had all tumbled out. Judge poor George's disappointment when he found that he had to go without his dinner. But when he heard

how bravely his dog had fought to save his dinner, he gladly forgave him for losing it.

Write :—

We saw an engine on the railroad.

I hope the butcher will not disappoint us.

The dog is my favourite animal.

RATS.

people	habits	sewers	climbing
interesting	opposite	procure	carriage
observe	circle	safety	station
biscuit	companion	curious	lengthways

Few people like rats, and yet they are very interesting when you come to know them and observe their habits. There are two kinds of land rats in this country, and besides these there is the water rat.

The Old English or Black Rat is about seven inches long, and its tail is rather longer than its body. Its front teeth are very sharp and grow up from their roots, so that, if one should be lost, the other, having no tooth to meet it in the opposite jaw, goes on growing. Sometimes a rat's tooth will, in this way, grow right through his lip and turn round into a circle.

The Brown Rat is the rat most commonly found in this country, having to a large extent driven out the old black rat. Brown rats are found in vast numbers in the drains and sewers of our large towns. They are



also very fond of corn-ricks and store-houses, and every sort of place where they can procure food in safety. They will even get into ships by climbing along the ropes which fasten the ships to the land.

Rats are very fond of oil and grease.

I have read of a rat which lived at a railway station, and used to climb up the wheels of the carriages to eat the dubbing that is used to grease the axle-trees. I have also heard of rats getting at the oil in a bottle by dipping their tails in it and then licking them.

Rats are very kind to any of their race who are old and blind. A gentleman was once walking in the fields, when he saw a number of rats going from one place to another. Amongst them was an old blind rat. Now, how do you think they got him along? He held a piece of stick in his mouth and another rat held the other end of it and so led him along. Another gentleman, who was at sea, was one day lying awake in his berth, when he saw a rat enter his berth, look about it very carefully, as if to see that all was safe, and then retire. Soon after it came back leading another rat, who seemed blind, by the ear. A third rat then joined them. Then the two rats who could see went about in search of bits of biscuit, which, as they found, they brought to their blind companion.

Rats are also fond of eggs, and the way they carry them off is very curious. The rat

lies down by the side of the egg and folds its body round it lengthways, holding it as fast as it can, and securing it by taking its tail into its mouth. Then other rats seize the rat by the neck and drag it off, egg and all.

Water rats are very dainty creatures. They live by the side of rivers, and may be often seen playing on the banks.

Write :—

Did you observe how the monkey eat the biscuit?

A sewer is a very large drain.

It was a curious and interesting sight.

THE CUCKOO.

deposits	interest	question
hedge-sparrow	caterpillar	married
wriggle	favourite	obliged

EVERY boy who has ever been in the country in the spring-time knows the voice of the cuckoo, even if he has not seen the cuckoo itself. The cuckoo comes to this country about the middle of April.

It has no nest of its own, but deposits a single egg in the nest of some small bird, such

as the hedge-sparrow, the wag-tail, the black-bird, and the finches.

As soon as the young cuckoo is hatched, it turns all the other eggs or little birds, as the case may be, out of the nest. How do you think it does this? It gets its tail under each egg or young bird and wriggles until the egg



or bird rests in a hollow on its back. It then throws it over the side of the nest.

As a rule the cuckoo leaves its young to be brought up by the birds in whose nest the egg has been deposited; but the female cuckoo, at least, sometimes takes a mother's interest in her young.

When the cuckoo is opened, it is found to

contain the remains of long-haired caterpillars, such as the woolly-bear, which would appear to be its favourite food.

The Danes have a curious story about the cuckoo. When the cuckoo is first heard in spring, every village girl kisses her hand, and asks the question, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I marry me?" The old folks say, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be freed from this world's cares?" The number of times the cuckoo says "Cuckoo" in reply, is believed to be the number of years they have to wait. But some old people live to a very great age and some maids never get married at all. So the cuckoo has to keep on saying "Cuckoo" so many times, that she has not time to build a nest for herself, and is obliged to entrust her eggs to the nest of some other bird.

Write:—

He deposited the letter in the post-box.

How interesting it is to observe the caterpillar.

After he was married he went abroad.

WHOM SHALL WE THANK?

draught	polite	generous	accents
quench	accept	gracefully	thousand
welcome	meant	silvery	ocean
mighty	echoed	subdue	depth

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump,
 From which the sparkling water burst,
 And drank with eager joy the draught,
 That kindly quenched his raging thirst :
 Then gracefully he touched his cap—
 “I thank you, Mr. Pump,” he said,
 “For this nice drink you’ve given me !”
 (This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump, “My little man,
 You’re welcome to what I have done :
 But I am not the one to thank—
 I only help the water run.”
 “Oh, then,” the little fellow said,
 (Polite he always meant to be,)
 “Cold Water, please, accept my thanks ;
 You have been very kind to me.”

“Ah !” said Cold Water, “don’t thank me ;
 Far up the hill-side lives the spring,
 That sends me forth with generous hand
 To gladden every living thing.”

"I'll thank thee, Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.

"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring in silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew or summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."

"Ah well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."

"Pray, don't thank us—without the sun,
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."

"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little man, pray, don't thank me.

'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."

"Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back: "Not unto me,

"Not unto me, but unto Him,
Who formed the depths in which I lie—

Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who doth thy wants supply."

The boy then took his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued:

"Oh, God, I thank Thee for the gift;
Thou art the Giver of all good."

FLORENCE A. NORRIS.

Write :—

A draught of water will quench your thirst.

The accents of his voice were soft and clear as silver bells.

What mighty fish live in the depths of the ocean !

Tom was very generous and polite, and gracefully asked the lady to take his place.

STORY OF A BEAR.

settlements	gambol	quarters	satisfied
havoc	frolic	possible	leisure
exciting	enjoy	attempt	pursuit

IN one of the new settlements in the back country some hunters went out in chase of some bears that had committed great havoc among their fields. After an exciting chase, they killed two bears. With one of these bears were two young cubs. They were quite small, just like fat young puppies, with black hair, and thick, clumsy-looking paws. The hunters caught the little cubs when their mother was shot, and brought them home.

One of these cubs was a very playful little fellow, and was called Jack by the son of one of the hunters. He soon became quite tame, and followed his master about. He was very

fond of sugar and fruit, and got into many a scrape trying to get them when he ought not to have done so, just as some naughty boys do.



Jack followed his master to school, and used to play about in the woods till school was over, and then he was always sure of a good supply of apples and cakes and maple-sugar. Some of the children were afraid of Jack at first; but as he was a playful fellow, never hurting any of them, they soon began

to like him, and he became a general favourite. He knew as well as any of them where the good things were, and if he was not helped he sometimes helped himself. He enjoyed a gambol and frolic with the dogs, too, but as he was heavier than they were, though not so active, they liked to keep away from too close quarters with Jack.

One day poor Jack was missed, and great was the sorrow of the whole school. Search was made for him everywhere, but without success, and it was supposed that he had met some of his friends in the woods, and had gone away with them.

Well, by-and-by the boys and girls grew up to be men and women, and the old school-master died, and poor Jack was quite forgotten, until one day, when a new set of children and a new master were in the same school-house, in walked a great black bear. Such a scrambling was never seen! Everyone tried to run away—out of the windows, out of the doors, under the desks; and all were dreadfully frightened. But the bear marched coolly in, and seated himself before the fire, looking round as pleased as possible.

Seeing the bags and baskets hanging on the pegs, he started up, raised himself on his hind-legs, and helped himself to all that was good in them—apples and maple-sugar—but did not attempt to harm any person.

Having satisfied himself, he walked out again quite leisurely. By this time a general alarm had been raised, and all the young men started in pursuit. As the bear did not attempt to run, he was soon come up with and shot. But what was the sorrow and surprise when it was found that the bear was no other than their old friend Jack, who had come back to pay them a visit!

They knew it was Jack by some marks on his skin, and that accounted for his being so quiet. He also had known the old school-house again; but the poor fellow did not know that his old playmates were gone.

Write :—

A fox made sad havoc among our ducks and hens.

A place in a strange land where people settle is called a settlement.

How the lambs enjoyed their gambols and frolics!

If we had had leisure we should have gone in pursuit of the fox.

THE LAPPS.

Norway	complexion	discomforts	provisions
Sweden	produce	gnats	treasures
yellowish	perish	reindeer	ornament

“UNCLE John, tell us something about your travels.” “Well, my boy, what shall I tell you? I have travelled in many parts of the world. Shall I tell you about Lapland?” “Oh, do, uncle. I never read anything about Lapland.” “Well, Lapland lies to the north of Norway and Sweden. Let us look it out on the map. You see, it is very far north, and you may judge from that fact that the winters there are very cold.

“The people who live in Lapland are called Lapps. They are very short, being rarely more than four feet high, and are of a yellowish complexion. Some of them live by catching fish, part of which they eat fresh and part they preserve for winter use. But most of the Lapps keep herds of rein-deer and live on their produce. Rich Lapps have often thousands of these deer.”

“How do these deer get food in winter when the ground is covered with snow,

uncle?" "They then live upon mosses, which they get at by scraping away the snow with their feet. But when the snow melts and then freezes, so as to be covered with ice, the deer cannot get at the mosses that grow on the ground, and they perish in great numbers from hunger.

"The Lapps live in tents. A number of poles are stuck in the ground in a circle, all leaning towards the centre, and are covered with sail-cloth or felt. An opening at the top lets out the smoke.

"One of the greatest discomforts of life in Lapland is that arising from the gnats which abound there in the summer-time. To drive the gnats away smoking fires are kept constantly burning in the tents, but even this is not enough to protect the poor Lapps from being bitten.

"The rein-deer provides the Lapps with flesh and milk, and is also used to draw their sledges. The great enemy of the rein-deer is the wolf, which often destroys great numbers of them. The Lapps pursue the wolves in deep snow on snow shoes. The wolves sink into the soft snow, but the Lapps are able to skim over

the surface of the snow and soon overtake them, when they kill them with their spears.

"The Lapps keep their provisions and treasures in the tops of trees, the lower branches of which they chop off."

"How do they get up, uncle?"

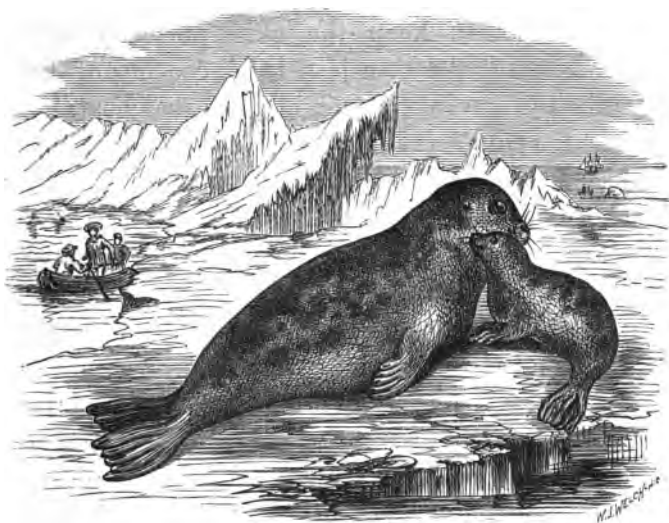
"They get a slender tree in which they cut notches, and this they use as a ladder. Perhaps you would like me to tell you how they are dressed. Their clothing is made out of coarse woollen cloth or the hide of the reindeer, and is ornamented with stripes of red and blue. They wear a belt round their waist, fastened with a silver buckle."

Write:—

A steamer can go from England to Norway in two days.

Gnats are very troublesome in Lapland in summer.

We could not keep our provisions and treasures in trees.



SEALS.

northern	underneath	movements	difficult
lightly	internal	doubt	family
pleasant	awkward	valuable	piteously

“MOTHER, you said that my cap was made of seal-skin. What are seals?”

“Seals, my boy, live in the water, and in the shape of their body are something like fish, but they are not fish. They are found in great numbers in the northern seas. They are covered with a thick fur, which is pressed

so tightly to the skin, when they are in the water, as to keep the skin perfectly dry; underneath the skin is a thick coating of fat, which keeps in the animal's internal heat."

"Do they ever come on land, mother?"

"Yes, they sometimes crawl up on the shore, but they are very awkward on land, though they are very graceful in their movements in the sea. They live upon fish, and when kept captive may be trained to catch fish for their owners.

"Some day I will take you to see some tame seals. They are very fond of their keeper, and when he comes to feed them will rush out of the water to meet him. I have seen them get up on his lap and kiss him."

"I should not like them to kiss me, mother."

"Well, I have no doubt that a kiss from their wet hairy mouths is not very pleasant. A boy once had a young seal given him, which in a few weeks grew quite tame. It would eat from his hand and would nestle among the dogs before the fire. In the winter it was found difficult to get food for it, and so the boy's family made up their minds to return it to the sea. The boy got a boat, rowed out for a couple of miles to sea, and

then dropped his seal over-board. But it was not to be got rid of so easily. It swam after the boat and cried so piteously, that he was obliged to take it into the boat and bring it home again, where it lived very happy until its death.

“Large numbers of seals are killed every year for the sake of their fur, which is very valuable. The fur is of a greyish yellow and sprinkled with brown spots.”

“But that is not the colour of my cap, mother.” “No, my boy, the outer hairs of the fur are plucked out when the fur is dressed for use, and what is left behind is the under fur.”

Write :—

Internal heat is heat produced inside our bodies.
The heat of the fire and of the sun is external to us.
It is very pleasant to walk by the seaside.
How piteously the dog howls.

HOW SEALS ARE CAUGHT.

various	equally	frighten	assistance
desperate	position	creature	bullet
savage	manage	flounder	crew

It is not an easy task to catch a seal, for the seal is very cunning. The Greenland hunters

who go after seals are obliged to use various arts to get near them. If the seals are lying on the beach in the sun, the hunter creeps towards them on his belly, so as to get between them and the water. They are killed by heavy blows dealt upon the nose. When rendered desperate, they will fight savagely, and fling themselves at the hunter who stands in their way. If there be pebbles or shingle on the beach, the hunter always tries to get in front of the seal, for if he gets behind, he is almost sure to be struck with the stones, which the seal flings behind him, as he shuffles along.

The hunter has to be equally careful in pursuing the seal in the sea. When he strikes one with his harpoon, he allows the line to run out, and fastens at the end of it a blown bladder covered with leather. The bladder shows, by its position on the surface of the sea, where the seal is. The seal cannot remain under water more than about five minutes. When it comes up to the top the hunter strikes it again. In a short time it dies from loss of blood. When killed, it is fastened to a float and dragged ashore.

The seal is very fond of its young. Some young men who were out in a boat on the coast of Ireland, found a seal and her young cub lying on the sand. They managed to catch the cub before it could reach the sea, and threw it into the boat. The mother got to the sea in safety, and might have escaped; but it would not desert its offspring, and followed the boat. The young men tried to frighten it off, but in vain. At last they shot the poor creature. When they lifted it into the boat, however, they found that it was not dead. It was only stunned. As soon as it recovered its senses it attacked the young men, snapping at their legs, and floundering about so as nearly to upset the boat. No one knows what might have happened, if a gentleman who was near had not come to the assistance of the crew, and killed the seal with a rifle bullet.

Write :—

Seals are caught in various ways.

A creature is said to be desperate when it has no hope of escape.

John and James have equally good positions in their classes.



THE TWO WOLVES.

havoc	bestead	o'erpower	victory
agree	approach	meanwhile	already
guard	entrance	anxious	quickly

LONG, long ago in fair Tyrone,
 Two wolves made havoc far and wide,
 And many a hunter, stout and brave,
 To slay them vainly tried.

At last the farmers all agreed,
 A hundred golden pounds to pay,
 To him who had the nerve and skill,
 These common foes to slay.

To gain the prize, brave Rory came,
A famous hunter, skilled and bold ;
With him he brought two dogs, besides
His son just twelve years old.

The flocks were gathered in a fold,
Which had a gap at either end.
"I'll guard the one," the father said,
"The other thou'lt defend.

"One dog, my best, I leave with thee,
Well will he thee bestead ;
Thou wilt not see the wolf approach,
Thou wilt not hear his tread.

"For like a cat he'll slink along,
Within the shadow of the wall ;
But never fear, the dog will hear,
And give the wolf first fall.

"Then quickly with this spear of mine,
Strike through the wolf with heart and will ;
For, mark me, if he rise, he's sure
Both dog and thee to kill."

"I'll do my best," the boy replied,
And took the spear from Rory's hand ;
And by the entrance of the fold
Alone he took his stand.

The night was dark and cold, and soon
The boy sank down, o'erpowered by sleep ;
When all at once he woke, and felt
The wolf-dog o'er him leap.

Swift to his feet he rose, and swift
 His father's trusty spear he found,
 Then drove it through the monster's neck,
 And pinned him to the ground.

Meanwhile his anxious-hearted sire
 The other wolf had quickly slain,
 And now to know how sped the boy,
 Was hastening back again.

But when he reached the other gap,
 The victory was already won ;
 The task his father set for him
 The noble boy had done.

D.

Write :—

The fox made sad havoc among our hens.
 Bestead means to assist, to help.
 He was overpowered by his enemies.
 We obtained a victory over the French.

CATS AND CLEANLINESS.

careful	wonderful	necessity	wrists
remove	medicine	scent	ashamed
moisten	pleasure	disgrace	impurities

WE can learn something from almost every animal; and we can learn cleanliness from the cat. Watch how careful Pussy is to wipe

her face and lips after she has been eating anything. She seems as if she could not be happy until she had removed every trace of the meal of which she has been eating.

How sleek and trim her fur is! She has no soap to wash herself with, and no comb or brush to trim her fur with, and yet she is always clean and neat. That part of her fur which she cannot reach with her tongue, she reaches with her paws, having first moistened them with her tongue.

She is as careful to wash her kittens as herself, and, wonderful to say, the kittens themselves begin to wash themselves even when they are a few days old.

You will ask, Why the cat is so clean? I will tell you. Cleanliness is a pleasure to cats, and it is also a necessity to them; for if they had any smell about them the mice would scent it, and never come near them. A clean cat might go quite close to a mouse's hole, and yet the mouse would not scent it.

What a disgrace it would be to us, if cats were cleaner than we are! A boy ought to wash himself all over every day, if he can.

He should try to be very clean in his meals, and keep his hands and mouth clean when he is eating. Of course, when boys are playing they cannot help getting their hands dirty, but when their games are over they should wash their hands.

I need not say that a boy is not clean when you can see a ring round his neck or round his wrists. Nor is he clean when those parts of his body which are covered are not clean. A clean boy is one who is clean all over, and would be as ashamed to have dirty feet as dirty hands.

By-and-by you will learn how needful it is for you to keep your skin clean. Your skin has numbers of small pores in it, through which the impurities of the body are thrown out, and if these pores are stopped up with dirt, then you will be unclean inside, and your body will suffer from your neglect.

Some boys are such cowards that they are afraid of a drop of cold water. A brave boy would no more think of omitting to wash himself because it was cold, than he would of running away from his friends when they were in danger.

Write:—

If people were more careful to keep themselves clean, they would have better health.

How wonderful the scent of a cat is!

A necessity is something which we cannot do without.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

quarrel	contending	folk
active	resemble	thread
creature	misfortune	breathe

A PIN and a needle, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," said the needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long?" "Why not," said the needle. "Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the

needle. "And you are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back," said the pin. "I will pull your head off, if you insult me again," said the needle. "And I will pull your eye out, if you touch my head," said the pin. While they were thus contending, a little girl entered and began to sew with the needle. In a short time she broke it at the eye.

Then she tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth, she soon pulled off its head, and then threw it into the dirt by the side of the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers, till they lie down in the dust together as we are."

Write :—

How active Tom is ! he is always at work or play.

Things that are alike resemble one another.

Folk means people.

We should be sorry at the misfortunes of other folk.

SNOW.

bushes
white
icicles

breakfast
window
alarm

although
cover
sprinkle

OH, come to the window, dear brother, and see
What a change has been made in the night;
The snow has quite covered the broad cedar tree,
And the bushes are sprinkled with white.

The spring in the pond is beginning to freeze,
And the fish-pond is frozen all o'er;
Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
And drop in odd shapes from the door.

The old mossy thatch and the meadow so green,
Are dappled all over with white;
The snowdrop and crocus no more can be seen,
The thick snow has covered them quite.

And see the poor birds, how they fly to and fro,
As they look for their breakfast again;
But the food that they seek for is hid in the snow,
And they hop about all in vain.

Then open the window—I'll throw them some bread,
I've some of my breakfast to spare;
I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
But they're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frightened, I pray,
You shall not be hurt, I'll engage;
I've not come to catch you, and force you away,
Or fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know there's no cause for alarm—
 From *me* you have nothing to fear;
 Why, my little fingers should do you no harm,
 Although you came ever so near.

Write :—

The icicles hang from the roof of the house.
 Throw out some crumbs through the window for the
 birds' breakfast.
 Do you see how the bushes are white with snow?

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

occupy	devotion	necessary	surrounded
orphan	neighbour	attack	rescue
promise	famish	disappointment	perceive

In a little village in the south of France there stood, upon the edge of a great wood, a little cottage, which was occupied by a little girl named Mariette, of eleven years of age, and her brother John, who was, at the time of which I am speaking, only two years old. They were orphans. She had promised her dying mother to take care of her little brother, and very nobly she had kept her word.

Young as she was, she never thought of begging. She had nimble fingers and she knew how to use them in earning her living.

Whilst her baby brother was sleeping in the cradle, she used to sew and knit from morning till night. Her devotion soon became known, and everybody brought her some work to do.



Before long she had saved enough of money to pay for her brother's schooling, and even to help her poor neighbours.

Five years had passed away, and Mariette was now nearly sixteen years of age. John

was six years old ; and every day, after kissing his sister, whom he used to call his little mother, he set out for school. When winter had come the ground was all covered with snow for five weeks, and John was not able to go to school. Mariette had often heard that when the snow was on the ground famished wolves wandered about the country, and dared even to enter villages ; and her little brother often told her, trembling, dreadful stories about them which he had heard at school. But Mariette was brave, and would even go outside the house when it was necessary.

One day she was drawing the bread out of the oven, when a she-wolf threw itself upon her. Mariette, without losing her presence of mind, seized hold of a long stick, which was within reach, and attacked the wolf with all the strength she had. Her arm did not tremble ; she knew that she was fighting for her brother as well as for herself ; and she gave the wolf such heavy blows, that at last, howling with pain and disappointment, it fled. The brave girl was saved.

But the wolf was not alone. Not far

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off were her five famished cubs. At the moment when Mariette had got rid of the wolf, she heard cries of terror and distress. Her brother was surrounded by the wolf's cubs, and was calling his little mother to his rescue.

Mariette ran to him. In an instant she had released him from them and dragged him into an inner room where she perceived an open bin. She thrust him into it and pulled down the cover. He was safe.

But Mariette, while she was thinking only of her brother, and devoting her own life to save his, had not perceived the five wolves behind her and the old she-wolf who had returned. They were all there in the house around her, and already she was growing weak.

She placed herself before the bin ; with her left hand she supported herself, while with her right she tried to keep off the wolves ; but, covered with wounds, she felt her strength escaping little by little with her blood. Feeling that she would not be able to continue the struggle much longer, she dragged herself as far as she could from the

bin where her brother was hidden. Then, worn out and dying, yet rejoiced to have drawn the famished pack towards herself and from her infant brother, the brave girl dropped down.

When, by chance, a neighbour called at the cottage some hours after, he found the little boy safe and sound in the bin. His sister had saved his life at the expense of her own. She had been for him, even to the end, a second mother. She had fulfilled her promise to her dying mother.

Write :—

The orphans occupied a little cottage.

The devotion of a mother to her children is unceasing.

Did you perceive how the mother came to the rescue?

We should all be parents to the poor orphan.

THE BETTER LAND.

radiant	myrtle	forest	diamond
orange	feathery	island	picture
bough	fragrant	ruby	fadeless

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?—
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
 "Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
 "Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
 "Not there, not there, my child !"

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy !
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

Write :—

Diamonds and rubies are gems ; but the pearl is not
a gem ; it is found in shells.

The palm-tree is described as feathery because its
leaves spread out like feathers.

A radiant shore means one full of light and joy and
beauty.





